

OKLAHOMA CITY TIMES

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Published Every Evening Except Sunday by
THE OKLAHOMA PUBLISHING COMPANY
 E. K. GAYLORD, President
 CHARLES W. ROGERS, Secretary-Treasurer
 Eastern and Western Representatives:
 The E. KATZ SPECIAL ADVERTISING AGENCY, New York City, San Francisco, Cal., Chicago, Kansas City
 SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL
 One year \$1.20
 Six months .75
 Three months .40
 One month .15
 CASH ADVANCE PAID
 \$41.744

KEEP THE FUEL OFFICE.

It would be prompt and persistent effort on the part of citizens here to retain the Mid-Continent office of the oil conservation division of the fuel administration in Oklahoma City. Although the order to discontinue the office January 1 has been received by Chief Engineer W. G. Williams, in charge, there is still a chance to have the order countermanded if vigorous protest against discontinuing it is brought to bear. It is a matter of interest not only to Oklahoma City, but to the whole southwest, and the telegraph should be used to induce the fuel administration to reconsider its action.

The important work of this office in aiding the fuel industry in the Mid-Continent field should be continued, regardless of the fact that peace has come, and certain restrictions have been removed. The estimates of Mr. Williams that fuel costs have been reduced from 10 to 25 percent is evidence of what has been accomplished, and the further establishment of efficiency systems can reasonably be expected to effect a further reduction. That such work is appreciated by refiners and manufacturers is shown by numerous letters of commendation, and by protests against a discontinuance of the service from the same sources.

This is, perhaps, the most important conservation office in the country, as it covers the greatest oil and gas producing district. It has planted the science of efficiency in six states, and its central location here is a matter of convenience to operators throughout the widespread territory. And therein lies a part of its special value to Oklahoma City, as it brings here a large number of men of the sort who are aiding in the development of the southwest.

If this institution is to be saved to the city and the territory served, it can only be done by immediate action. If it is once abolished, it will be more difficult to have it re-established than it will be to retain it now that it is here and in efficient operation. Business men should move quickly, that the order may be reversed if possible.

There is going to be a fifth Liberty loan, and there is reason to believe it will be more difficult to finance than the fourth. It is strange but true that there are those who need the stress of war to make them save money or make a good investment. However, there will be patriotism as well as good financial judgment in buying the next loan, the government needs the money, or it wouldn't be asking it.

If Germany could maintain a monopoly on bodilism the rest of the world could stand for a great deal of controversy of that variety in Berlin and environs. But it can't be done. The Huns might monopolize their particular brand of kultur, but the fools and agitators are so widespread that no nation can claim them all.

Of course everyone is glad the war is over, but there are cantankerous cities that don't say so as loud as some others. The soldier is a good spender, which, of course, is only one of the reasons they will miss him when he is gone.

President Wilson has declared his opposition to sinking the captured German fleet, and the chances that common sense will prevail in dealing with the problem of disposing of the fleet are improving.

Indications are that President Wilson is as welcome in England as in France, and much more so than he would be in certain parts of America, at Sagamore Hill, for example.

By next summer it may be easy to get recruits for that proposed aeroplane dash to the north pole, but it will be difficult when the mercury is going down.

Among William Hohenzollern's New Year's resolutions there is apt to be one to the effect that he won't start another war. He won't.

Those who are asking the release from prison of conscientious objectors, may be listed among those who have very little to do.

While the Sinn Fein has won an election in Dublin, the victory comes too late to be much of a help to Germany.

SAY, POP—OLD TIMER HAS AN EYE FOR COLOR



POLLY AND HER PALS—And Maw Was in the Thick of the Charge



AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?



Don't Worry

MORNING AFTER.

In case the things that Santa brought are not what you selected. Don't give yourself to sour thought. Nor sit around dejected.

Just take from us this friendly tip. Or man or dame or child. And make another shopping trip. To do your shopping early.

For very many gifts may be exchanged for other plunder. Which gives a better chance, you see. Thereby to get from under.

And, though you did not get the earth. Or such a wondrous gift. You still may get your money's worth if you are prompt and alight.

The tie you got which pains you so. May still be changed for stockings. So do not grieve the scene with woe. Or plain and fancy knockings.

The perfume which may drive to drink. The lady who received it. May purchase other goods as think. And joy when she's achieved it.

The rare perfume which suggest. A line of poison gases. May also meet this shopping test. With weeds of other classes.

And, even if you can't exchange. Hum gifts from son or brother. Await next Christmas and arrange To give them to another.

It might also be well to begin making your New Year's resolutions early, as there are those among us who need a large supply.

However, when that Happy Day arrives, it is not our intention to quit smoking. Experience teaches us that we can quit smoking at any time—and begin again as easily.

There are times when we feel we should like to be a school

The Hand That Shook Bernsdorf's Won't Never Shake Mine

THAT'S him, the tall guy in the black Stetson tite. With the cold-storage face and the anti-skid smile. That's waving the flag, like he's scared to let go. The flag that we fought for at Terry Chatoe! The flag that he hung on his paper to hide. The coils of the snake that was hissing inside! If he wants to shake hands, you can bet I'll decline! The hand that shook Bernsdorf's won't never shake mine.

If you ask why they picked one of that breed of pup to welcome us home again, I give it up! It don't seem to me just the right thing to do. To try to mix yellow with red, white and blue! I feel like a guy that's come home to his shack To find a wolf waiting to welcome him back! If he puts out his paw I shall fall out of line. The hand that shook Bolo's won't never shake mine!

A job in Berlin would be more in his line. Shaking hands with Hun heroes, back home from the Rhine. And telling the Boches they're not fought in vain. And they'll get back their loot of Alva and Lorraine. If he lumps me you bet I'll sidestep if some way. If he holds out his mitt I will dodge it and say, In a lingo he sure must be hep to—'Nein! Nein!' The hand that shook Bernsdorf's won't never shake mine! —Oliver Herford, in the New York Tribune.

teacher. Generally speaking, those are occasions, like the present, when the schools are having a much needed vacation.

It is to be hoped that the growing building program for next year will be further expanded to include a new union station, but that is the kind of a hope no careful financier will bet on.

A horrible example is sometimes convincing where oratory fails.

Of course it is possible for oratory also to be a horrible example, when it gets started over the Marathon

route, but that wasn't the kind we meant.

As a general rule, snow doesn't stay on in this country long enough to enable a new arrival from Iowa to trade off his old sleigh.

The fact that no man should whip his wife is not, however, conclusive evidence that she doesn't deserve it occasionally.

Marriage licenses issued here indicate that Cupid competed with Santa Claus in disseminating Christmas cheer, although not dressed for winter weather.

Old Stories in New Type

Twenty Years Ago.
 Kerwin of Edmond was an Oklahoma City visitor yesterday.

John W. Sharrel made a business trip to Guthrie yesterday, returning again in the evening.

Fifteen Years Ago.
 Mrs. A. C. Scott of Stillwater, who delivered a paper before the federation of women's clubs at Anadarko last week, will present her subject again to Oklahoma City clubwomen this week.

Col. C. F. Colcord, Dr. A. J. Ryan and H. A. Shelby have returned from a trip to Anadarko where they looked after litigation for the Wichita Mining and Improvement company.

Dr. C. L. White will spend the holidays with his mother.

Ten Years Ago.
 By the combined efforts of The Daily Oklahoman and the President association more than \$200 has been collected to gladden the homes of the poor and needy in this city.

The President association was the recipient of \$100 from Masonic lodge No. 3, to be devoted to the purchase of bread and fuel for the needy during the coming winter months.

Mayor Henry M. Scales threw aside the toga of his office yesterday and assisted in the local Red Cross movement for selling Christmas Red Cross stamps to combat the white plague.

Luke M. Luke His Column

Hiding 'Em.
 "Those new long skirts I can't defend," remarked old Oswald Higgs. "The girls are trying to pretend they haven't any limbs."

Paw Knows Everything.
 Willie—Paw, what is meant by giving an eye for an eye?
 Paw—That's what happens when two egotists meet and begin a conversation, my son.

No Joke.
 We think that we are great and wise, And seek first as a nation, But you'll find gossip never dies From lack of circulation.

You Know Him.
 "What kind of a fellow is Smith?" asked Brown.
 "Oh," replied Jones, "he's one of these fellows who would rather lose a friend than an argument."

Doggone 'Em!
 "There are a lot of careless gacks in this world," said Pat Doyle. "They wait until an engine squeaks before they purchase oil."

Ouch!
 "Well, there's one thing you can say in favor of a boy baby," said the Cheerful Idiot.
 "What's that?" asked Boob.
 "He never comes a miss," replied the Cheerful Idiot.

Wuff!
 "I killed my dog," said Ned Nogg. "Because he was a low-down dog."

Come On, Fellows!
 Let's go up to Lima, Ohio, and hear Helen Holleran.

Atta Boy!
 And isn't it perfectly right that A. Pancake should have a lunch room in Logan, W. Va.?

Gosh!
 A Missouri editor is hiding out in the woods for a spell. A prominent citizen died and the editor referred to the "untimely loss," but the intelligent printer made it "timely loss," and it got in the paper that way.

Oh!
 A reader wants to know why a man-o-war is called "she," as per Luke's rhyme. He explains that a locomotive is called "she" because a locomotive has an Anron, a Tongue, a Waist, a Jacket, a Bonnet, a Petticoat, Hose, Shoes and Pins.

Orful!
 A boarding house. Roomed about today. Five million bedbugs. Passed away. —Luke McLuke.

Other losses.
 We have to broach. With every hellog. West a roach. —Zanesville Signal.

And so to say.
 Around the ruins. There were destroyed. Five billion "prunks." —Nashville Banner.

And one might find.
 Deep in the wreck. A tried and true. Chicken's neck. —Sacramento Bee.

Names Is Names.
 Helen Damm Nation lives at Paradise, Montana.

Things to Worry About.
 There are no key holes in the Panama canal locks.

Our Daily Special.
 Frisk Yourself Before You Criticize Others.

Luke McLuke Says.
 If a man's Bank Account is all right the letting is that he won't have any fault to find with the government. Another thing that worries us is how the Heck a Prohibitionist is going to keep his nose red when National Wide Prohibition goes into effect.

You know how much noise the Other Fellow makes without saying anything when he is talking, don't you? Well, that is just how you sound when you get started.

What has become of the old fashioned 5-cent cigar that didn't cost you 6 or 7 cents?

Isn't it funny that a \$25 clerk always manages to dress better than the Boss whose income is about \$50 a week?

Well, we guess the women folks are glad the war is over. They can go out with 15 cents' worth of flour or their faces now without being regarded as wasters.

Another thing we can't understand is why a clothing advertisement has to contain a picture of a youth whose legs run clear up to his collar bone.

Men are such poor liars that ever time one of them gets home late he infringes on some other married man's patented excuse.

Don't knock the dear things because they wear so little in winter. As we remember the old days, the women who wore red flannel underwear and three petticoats was always doctoring for the rheumatism.

Many a girl who is so thin that she can't fill her own stocking has nerv enough to expect Santa Claus to fill it for her.

What has become of the o. f. correspondent who used to begin a letter "I now take my pen in hand to write you these few lines?"

Lots of girls who are too modest to say what they think see no harm in thinking things that they daresn't say.

It is a mighty hard job to convince a married woman that no man ever applied for a divorce because his wife talked too little.

In various universities and colleges throughout the United States men women are now being trained for positions as factory employment managers.